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—THE—

TEARFUL AND TRAGICAL

TALE

—OF—

THE TRICKY TROUBADOUR

—OR THE—

TRUANT TRACKED.

A TOPICAL AND TUNEFUL TRADITION.

TOLD IN TRAVESTY.

A FOUR-ACT BURLESQUE IN GRAND OPERA.

WRITTEN BY

GEO. BROUGHALL.

MUSIC FROM VERDI'S OPERA "IL TROVATORE."

As Played in the Princess Opera House, Winnipeg, Man., September and October, 1886.

WINNIPEG:
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Broughall G

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1886, BY LEWIS WILLIAM GEORGE BROUGHALL, IN THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

First performed in the Princess Opera House, Winnipeg, Tuesday 28th September, 1886.

SOUND THE TOCSIN! LET THE CYMBAL CRASH
AND THE WELKIN RING!!

The first American Tour of the Tricky Troubadour Operatic Company

—IN—

BROUGHALL'S FOUR ACT BURLESQUE IN GRAND OPERA,

THE TEARFUL AND TRAGICAL TALE

OF THE

TRICKY TROUBADOUR

OR THE TRUANT TRACKED.

A TOPICAL AND TUNEFUL TRADITION TOLD IN TRAVESTY.

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY,
GORGEOUS COSTUMES,
STARTLING EFFECTS.

ELECTRICAL, ENTRANCING, EXTRAVAGANT.

120 — CAST AND CHORUS. — 120

WITH A POWERFUL ARRAY OF TALENT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MANRICO (Tenor) the warbling Troubadour, in love with Leonora, personated by the superb Mons. Doli-Kart-Billmani, who has frequently sang by request at Osborne (*Fort Osborne.*) For particulars see Court Circular.....SERGT.-MAJOR BILLMAN

LEONORA (Soprano) the ward of Count di Luna, by the incomparable M'lle Bernhardt-Arnoldi, a Winnipeg belle with a fascinating falsetto voice, favored by the crowned heads of the western wilds, whose realization of the part has been characterized as a delicate poem of etherealized loveliness.....MR. H. M. ARNOLD

COUNT DI LUNA (Bass) the "very vicked villain" also in love with Leonora, by Signor Ferte, a type of the Corsican brother. His fame is known wherever the Winnipeg dialect is spoken.....MR. A. E. FERTE

AZUCENA (Contralto) the Indian Queen, who passes herself off as Manrico's mother, by Mme. Patti-Tullochi. "She has a contralto voice which deserves the encomiums of the entire missionary press, . . . her acting is vastly superior to Scalchi."—Vide London (Eng.) daily papers.....MR. H. D. TULLOCH

FERRANDO (Baritone) Commander-in-Extraordinary of the Count's body guard, the Moorish Othello of the modern melodrama, by Sig. Carlo Salvino Wolf, whose acting is suggestive of a happy medium between Shakespeare at his worst and stump speeches at their best.....MASTER C. WOLF

RUIZ, an Indian Chief, by Gen. Mikichilic. "A punster of much notoriety, whose characterization of the piece is most original."—*Manitou Dramatic Squeal*.....MR. J. A. HEALY

INEZ, companion to Leonora, a charming little soubrette.....MR. D. D. STEWART

THE GUARDSMAN.....MR. T. MITCHELL

HOOPER UP SAM, a Chief.....MR. J. PORTER

M'LLE. VESTRI-TAAFFILINI, the Queen of the ballet, the prima ballerina of the Milanese theatres, who has charmed the bald heads of Europe.....MR. W. J. TAAFFE

IMPERIAL GUARDS, STAGE BAND, INDIANS, CORPS DE BALLET, CURVETTING CORYPHEES, ETC., ETC.

The only company at present enjoying the honored consideration of Winnipeg's cultured society—a company individually strong, appearing at their united best to unfold a tale replete with local hits and comic songs.

GRAND BALLET DIVERTISEMENT!

A star-trembling, feather-plumed, gorgeously-arrayed

CORPS DE BALLET

(By the boys of the Regiment)

Whose beautiful complexions are alike the envy and admiration of the fair sex.

Picturesque Roses! Concerted Minuets! Amazonian Marches! Dazzling Dances!

An army of curvetting coryphees, headed by the ever-fascinating Premiere Danseuse

M'LLE VESTRI TAAFFILINI.

The whole a grand aggregation of

FROLICKING FAIRIES!

BEAUTIFUL SOLOS!

WAR-WHOOPING INDIANS!

THRILLING TOM TOM CHORUSES!

Fantastic drills by the imperial guards and their inimitable stage brass band.

BURLESQUE IN EVERY DETAIL!

A superb orchestra under the leadership of Bandmaster Johnson.

The beautiful arias of Verdi's opera, "Il Trovatore," wedded to the burlesque.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

NOTE.—These are only a few of the many kind expressions of the Provincial and Metropolitan press. They are warranted. The manager ought to know. He wrote them himself.

Kamloops Reform Organ:—"When starting out on their first American tour, both M'lle Bernhardt-Arnoldi and her manager, Mr. Broughall, resolved never to adopt the paltry methods of advertising which the so-called "divine Sarah," Patti, Mary Anderson and other third-rate actresses have seen fit to bring into vogue. M'lle Arnoldi has not been shot at more than a dozen times; she never tangles her name up with princes and English peers; and she does not give currency in the daily papers to the fact that she is consulting her Parisian physician, with a view to reducing her weight. M'lle Arnoldi relies only on her reputation which she has made behind the footlights. She has ruled poets, emperors and gallery gods. All Europe has been a slave at her feet; and the nightly concourses in her salon in the Rue de Rouge-et-Noir were something to live for in their coming and to dream of in their going."

Manitou Dramatic Squeal:—"Especially was the singing of Signor Ferte worthy of commendation. Never has it been the good fortune of *The Squeal* to hear such superb singing. He carries the trio at the close of Act I well, and his 'Il Balen' and 'Oh Fatal Hour' were alone worth the tickets of admission that were left at this office complimentary.

Rowbotham's Real Estate Register:—"There is an impression that Sig. Billmanni is cold in his acting. Such is not so. He rivals Cardinali in his wonderful love-making in the third act of "The Tricky Troubadour." In this Arnoldi carries with her no airy-light-nothing-sort-of-a-kiss that is the usual detail of social platitude. Her kiss is not the "cheerless cold clammy compound of carelessness and indifference" which characterizes the kiss of Miss Mary Anderson. But it is the outcome of much care and constant practice and falls pleasantly as a poet's dream. Her audiences wait with baited breath its coming, as she leans a full head taller than Billmanni and swoops swan-like upon him to lay the

full tribute of affection that comes chastely eager from ruby lips. There is a sad yearning tenderness, too, about it, something that might have inspired Swinburne to sigh

Oh how blissfully bliss true bliss is,
But meanly mean are unkissed kisses."

Lawyer O'Finerty for the Defence.—" . . . . Gentlemen of the Jury look at the delicate peach bloom on Madam Patti-Tullochi's cheek as she stands there! Look at her frail, nervous frame, then wonder how she has succeeded in withstanding the terribly active career she has led since she made the Milanese theatres ring with the plaudits of delighted thousands just five years ago! . . . . "

Colony Creek Journalist:—"All Europe has been searched to secure the eminent stars now travelling with "The Tricky Troubadour" Company. The most eminent artists of Italy, France and Ireland have been secured. This aggregation cannot be equalled, from the call boy up to Mons. Dolikart-Billmanni, a tenor noted for his smile and for his capability to capture more high C's than any other tenor in the market. Probably one of the greatest artists with the company is Signor Ferte who fills the important role of 'Count di Luna.' His rendition of 'Il Balen' is one of the genuine treats of the opera. His listeners always wait with delightful expectancy for the low notes of this wonderful bass singer."

J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn in the Bird's Hill Weekly:—"M'lle Arnoldi's rendition of the beautiful part of *Leonora* last evening in the top flat of the Town Hall was received with rapturous applause. Commencing softly, like the gentle murmur of some wayside brook, inviting, as it were, the hearer to slumber, she sang of her love in the tower. Then gradually increasing the warble in light staccato movement, she spoke a volume with pleading expression; like a wild feverish dream now sinking to a delicate respiration, now thrilling with ponderous sweep of vocal music, deepening like the rush of descending floods, she trilled an agony and a passion, only pausing at sundry periods to let the piano catch up with the show. Then slowly decreasing, in tone and volume, her swan-song died away to the faint, trembling sound of rain-drops dripping through the leaves of sighing trees, till 'nothing lived between it and silence.' Then, as the harmony floated away, and not till then, did her audience know that the agony was over, and that the climax of the evening had been reached."

Extract from a Winnipeg Interview:—"The soprano and contralto prima donnas, M'lle Arnoldi and Mme. Patti-Tullochi, travelling with 'The Tricky Troubadour' company, expressed to the reporter their great admiration for Winnipeg. Seldom in their travels had they come across such a beautiful town. Mme. Tullochi said that Winnipeggers should flatter themselves for their metropolitan tone. Rome, it was true, had its Torso, Naples its little Chiaja, London its Hyde Park, Paris its Bois, but Winnipeg has its H. B. flats and its wonderful street. She had seen nothing to compare to it except the Riorja del Scapula, St. Petersburg. They also admired the wonderful intelligence of their audiences here. At this juncture the carriage was announced, and the two fascinating actresses gathered up their poodle dogs and proceeded for a drive in the shady groves of Dufferin Park, leaving the reporter charmed with the interview."

Stony Mountain Quarterly:—"It has become a fashion with carping critics and professional humorists to sneer at the age of the average ballet-girl. Such jokes are out of place if applied to the beautiful troupe now travelling with The Tricky Troubadour opera company. It cannot be said that out of the glorious history of ninety years on the stage, Mlle. Vestri-Taaffilini still steps jauntily forward to amuse an audience. Time with its heavy hand has not yet added this perennially youthful corps of ballet girls to those historic ruins of Terpsichore, who shone at their best half a century ago. Ninon de L'Enclos may have charmed the world at eighty, and Dejazet may have danced all Paris into delight at ninety, but Taaffilini and her curvetting coryphees and pirouetting nymphs have not yet passed the heyday of their youth. Not at all!"

COSTUMES.

LEONORA.—A white satin ball room dress, very decollete in the back, entrain; bodice a la Pompadour; delicate shoulder straps of point d' alencon, the whole surmounted by considerable swan neck, and superb shoulders de rigeur above a low corsage trimmed with reveres of creamy silk velvet, hauled aft with white tape, supplied at a ridiculously low figure. Made up blonde, with noir yeux and the general swing and get up of the Emma Abbott school of Operatic singers.

AZUCENA.—A thing of regal form and splendor, dressed in gorgeous Indian outfit, with numerous decorations, medals and bright regalia; black hair and handsome make-up.

INEZ.—Pale blue satin dress cut decollete, no train, dark hair.

MANRICO.—In Troubadour costume, tights, crimson plush doublet, short mantle, slouched hat and feather, with hand organ and monkey.

COUNT DI LUNA.—Slouched felt hat, top boots, doublet, long cloak, Mephistophelian mustache.

FERRANDO.—Military make-up, a la the Moor of Shakespeare's Othello, with fiercely curled mustache, clanking sabre and spurs, enormous epaulets, medals, decorations, eye glass, white linen leggings.

RUIZ.—An English dude masquerading as an Indian chief.

Guards burlesque military uniform, ballet girls, Indians, comic policemen, stage band as usual.

SYNOPSIS OF THE BURLESQUE.

GRAND ORCHESTRAL OVERTURE.

ACT I.—THE CHALLENGE.

THE TALE, THE TRAITOR AND THE TROUBADOUR.

SCENE—*The Gardens of the Palace.*

The guards asleep—How the Count's brother disappeared—Leonora singing of her lover—"It was at the fancy skating carnival."—The Count and the serenading Troubadour.—The quarrel and challenge.—"Police! Police!!"—"Me brain it reels—it reels!"

ACT II.—THE PLOT.

VALOR, VILLANY AND VENGEANCE.

SCENE I.—*The Indians' Encampment.*

The Tom-tom chorus—"Ho, lads! 'Tis Azucena, your Indian Queen."—The Indians' loot and the Troubadour's lute.—"So fight, that when thy summons comes to find."—"Leonora and r-r-revenge!"

SCENE II.—*The Gardens of the Palace.*

"Il Balen."—The Plot.—"She lov'd him for the dangers he had pass'd."—Faithful Ruiz.—The Actress's Ambition.—Grand Ballet Divertisement.—Defeat of the Guards.

FUN, FIGHTING AND FIREWORKS.

ACT III.—THE CAPTURE.

WAR, WOOING AND WAILING.

SCENE I.—*The Guards' Stronghold.*

The Soldiers' Chorus.—A Lecture on Tactics.—Azucena in the Enemy's Camp.—"Unhand Me, Sir!"—"Ha, ha, ha, I have him now—I have him now!"

SCENE II.—*The Palace Gardens.*

Cupid at work.—The Lover's Balcony.—"Tell Me Again of that Stony Mountain Mansion."—The parting.—"I go—for you and for Mother!"—"Gone, gone! and I am alone—alone!—alone!!"

ACT IV.—THE RESCUE.

LOVE, LAUDANUM AND LAMENTATION.

SCENE I.—*The Exterior of the Prison.*

"Hark ye, Maid, no Violence!"—On Rosy Wings of Love.—Slowly Chiseling the Way to Freedom.—Miserere.—"Ah che la Morte."—"Naught remains now but to beg!"—The Sacrifice.

SCENE II.—*The Dungeon Cell.*

She Sleeps!—"Bless you Mother for that Sound."—Back to our Prairie Home.—"Do not Curse Me, Manrico, do not Curse Me!"—With My Last Fleeting Breath I Bless You."—The Rescue

And as you should expect in dramatic operay—
Vice fails—and Virtue ambles in to close the play.

THE TRICKY TROUBADOUR.

PROLOGUE.

In Winnipeg lies the scene. In lieu of more
Convenient one, we may place the time about
The thirteenth century—an age, 'tis true, somewhat
Primordial in the history of the country.
Throughout the play,
There have been essayed base burlesques and parodies
Of the lines of Shakespeare, and of passages from
Byron, "*The Lady of Lyons*" and "*Richilieu.*"
Bryant's "*Thanatopsis,*" too, comes in for its share
Of murder foul. To all—profuse apologies
Are due, for interlarding puns, that were bad.
There has also been attempted
The mimicry of a style, peculiar to Rhea,
Emma Abbott, Kellogg and Bernhardt,—likewise the falls,
The faints, the fierce declamation, and tragic speech,
That exist only on the stage to picture,
In faulty imagery, the action of real life.
To those who seek, for study's sake,
Authority for the events, which are supposed
To have taken place at Winnipeg, may look up
Critically Professor *Bryce's* novel on
"Meddling with a Mound, or the Pastness of the Gone;"
Also read "The Letters of *Frank Lynn;*" and *McCharles'*
Story on "The Founding of Scheme Town Junction,
Embellished with Maps and Plans"—a work whose object
May give rise to some dispute. Future scientists
May claim 'tis a tale of a city dead and gone;
While others may call it an advertising book
To boom town property. If desirous,—critics
May consult "*C. N. Bell* on Northern Geography;"
While a careful study of *Waghorn's* Diary,
Will fix the hour, for the moon to rise in Act four.

GRAND ORCHESTRAL OVERTURE.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT I.---THE CHALLENGE.

SCENE.—*The Gardens of* COUNT DI LUNA'S *Palace, steps at the back* C., *balustrade and railings, fountain scene in rear, wooded wings.*

GUARDS *discovered grouped on the stage sleeping.*

Enter FERRANDO *down steps, followed by a burlesque brigade* BUGLER *with foghorn. Stops suddenly at the sight of the sleeping* GUARDS.

Ferr.—

Hello ! why I declare they are all asleep
Like proverbial police, their watches keep.

Get up, you, sir *(kicks one)*, and also you *(kicks another)*,
When the inspecting officer hoves in view.
Don't snore, men, on the corners of the street,
But rise and properly pace your beat.
(They sit up and yawn.)
'Tion! shun, men; when I say "'tion," shun,
The brigade will come to attention!

[BUGLER *blows foghorn, accompanied with orchestral crash.* GUARDS *spring suddenly upright, burlesque.*]

[ORCHESTRA.]

Guards.—*(Sing, at the same time wheeling into line, facing the front.)*

CHORUS.—GUARDS.

AIR.—"*The Mulligan Guard.*"

We shoulder spears and march and march away,
From Osborne Fort as far as Portage Ave.,
With drums and horns how sweetly they do play,
As we march, march, march in the Troubadour guards.

Ferr.—

Well, boys!—no, I forgot,—men! You are not boys, but as Middleton would say, you are men. Officers, non-commissioned officers and men. I regret to see this exceeding lack of discipline on your part.

Now our brave Count's orders were,
To keep a watch on Leonora the fair;
If you are not sharp she will elope
In the same way as the Count's brother sloped.

Guardsman.—Tell us about the poor boy's disappearance.

Guards (together)—Yes—we—want—to—hear—it.

Ferr.—Now, men, how many times have I told you, that when adopting an air of familiarity with your superior officers on duty, you should do so with the prim dignity which so well becomes a full-fledged private. *(Pompously.)* You must remember that I have been vested with the Count's royal commission and with the authority of the red book.

Guard.—General! Tell us the yarn.

Ferr.—Ha! now, that is right and proper. Well, the Count's father once had two sons One was a twin, the Count was the other one. One day the nurse took them out in the baby carriage, to see the baseball match in Dufferin Park.

Guard.—Did the babies bawl?

Ferr. (fiercely).—Sir! I call your attention to R. and O. paragraph 9438, which henceforth forbids a private interrupting an officer in the discharge of his remarks.

Guard.—Sir, I merely wished to know if these babies were the same as other babies.

Ferr.—An apology is always welcome. Well, this match occurred years ago, when they were small. It was the most exciting of the league games between the *Mets* and *C.P.Rs.* The score stood 43 errors to 56 unearned bases and the outfield yet to hear from; when in the

middle of a dispute with the umpire, an Indian squaw standing close by stole a——

Guard—Stole a base, sir?

Ferr.— No! she stole a boy
While the nurse flirted with Tom Gilroy.

Guard.—She must have been in *league* with someone to do so *foul* a deed.

Ferr.—

Searches were made by the police in every quarter,
Pawnbroker shops, *Wolf's* auction rooms to loiter
They searched the Sioux, the Mohawk and the Cree,
Went to Sunday school and rewarded each missionree,
But neither they, the Count, or even *Constantine*,
Have found a trail of the wandering infantine. *(sings)*

SONG.—FERRANDO.

AIR—"*Abbietta Zingara.*"

Stood there an Indian squaw, witchlike appearing;
She wore a red blanket and just one ear-ring.
O'er the babe sleeping, with fierce looks bending,
Gaz'd she upon him, black deeds intending.
Horror profound, seiz'd she the babe that dark moment;
Sharp cries of terror soon rent the air around her,
And swiftly as thought flies, there rose a great foment;
The police, the nurse search'd everywhere for the squaw but never again [have found her.
Then by their threatenings, beatings and yelling,
Then by their threatenings, their blows and yelling,
The dark offender was soon expelled,
The guilty nurse was soon expelled,
The guilty nurse was soon expelled,
The guilty nurse was soon expelled.

Guard.—How sad that our dear master should lose his little brother. The whooping cough or measles would have been a better fate.

Ferr.—

Yes, for years the Count sadly passed his days,
'Till the beautiful Leonora met his gaze.
He loved her and sings to her, while from the top flat
They pour water and throw boot jacks at his hat.
He has no chance. She thinks him quite a bore.
She loves another, the handsome troubadour.
But whist, she comes this way, let's cross the lawn,
And as they say in tragedy—"villain begone!"

[*All creep off burlesque* R. *and* L.]

[*Enter* LEONORA R. *down steps at back.*]

Leo. (*sighs*)—

Ah! me! I wonder where he is now?
If he doesn't come soon there will be a row;
And I won't play my part, the little minx,
Perhaps he's at the Queens playing for the drinks. *(sings)*

SONG.—LEONORA.

AIR—"*Di Tale Amor.*"

Oh where is my troubadour,
Grinding on the organette,
All day that sweet melody,
The Babes—the babes—the babes upon our block.

His sphere would not completed be
Were he not to sing and play,
While crowds pass by the other way,
See saw—see saw—see saw he grinds all day.

Ah! were hackney'd songs denied him,
Then welcome death's repose;
Ah, yes, for him in death repose;
In death would I repose—I'd repose.

[*Enter* INEZ, R. *down steps, a very lively little girl on the skip and the jump.*]

Inez.—Now, now, now, it is time you were coming in.

Leo.—The night air is so damp and chill, you can almost hear the interest *falling dew* on *Boyle's* promissory paper.

Inez.—Yes, there are too *money drafts*, but tell me of that love of yours. It is, I am sure, the sweetest romance that ever engaged attention. Who is he?

Leo.—

Who? Manrico?
Ah, how well I remember the day, I think
We first met down at the skating rink,
Around we whirled to the music of the band.
Wer't ever there, Inez?

Inez.—

Oh! yes, at the Grand,
I went with little *Darby Taylor*,
But our skating was quite a failure,
For he immediately had a tumble,
And I over him did stumble.
When next I skate—

Leo— Well, what then?

Inez.—

'Twill be when *dar be* better men.
But tell me.

Leo.—

Yes, at the rink we met,
And I fell in love with him, my own sweet pet.
It was a fancy skating carnival.
A quaint and glittering throng was gathered there.
The night air was cold and clear, while the dazzling
Rays of the electric light shone down 'neath
The waving branches of the evergreen,
Which breathed that winter's night upon a scene
Of sparkling youth and gaiety. There were
Dark Moorish damsels there, Don Juans,
And fancy senoritas serenading;
Queens of the night, images of the stars,
And those who depicted Greek and Roman lore;
Fair ones robed in dominoes, and others
In the many fantastic guises
Of a modern masquerading carnival

Inez.—How beautiful it must have been, but why not call it just scrumptious at once. There would be less words to look up in the dictionary.

Leo. (petulantly).—Yes, perhaps my description was too long.
But there was *one* there,
A handsome troubadour. He wore no air
Of the dreamy Italian school, that go
Twanging guitars, 'neath latticed bars,
To Spanish belles Nor wore he tights,
Nor dagger, nor feather'd hat, nor silver lute,
To speak of the charms of his girlish love.
But draped in the more modern style,
With hand-organ and ape attached,
He sang, in worn-out tunes, of a love
That was undying; and sighed gently soft,
As the sound of Aœlian harps and ocean shells.
In this guise, he won the prize
At the masquerading carnival.
Then the band tuned up the conquering hero,
And I presented the prize to Manrico;
While he whispered in my ear that evermore
He would wear the garb of a Troubadour.

Inez.—
And that is how we have in this 'operay'
The wandering minstrel to fill out the play.

Leo—
Alas, since then I have never seen him.

Inez—
I think I heard them say
He was captured as a vagrant by *Chief Murray*,
And was sentenced one month by the *Colonel*,
At least so says the *Free Press* journal.

Leo.—
No, no, no, listen, last night he came
And ground his organ 'neath my window frame.
Though stirred with minstrely's power, he sang to me on no lyre—a lyre is not an opposition candidate, but a harp with strings. *(Sings.)*

SONG—LEONORA.

AIR—"*Tacca la notte.*"

The night calmly and peacefully in beauty seemed reposing,
The moon floated in silver light her fairest beams disclosing,
When thro' the air resounding clear,
Till then in silence wreathing,
Gently and sadly on mine ear
An organ's notes were breathing,
And words that pensive import bear, and words that pensive import bear
A minstrel's song arose.

Inez.—It does not look as if he would be here to-night, so shall we go in and finish our game of progressive euchre?

Leo.—*Whist*, girl, that is all *you care* for. I am too *flushed* with expectatation to *stay* here. I must *discard* thoughts of him, for I think a *deal* too much.

Inez.—You are a *trump*, besides if he *comes in* and finds you are *out*, it will be a *bluff* and he——

Leo.—I'll do it, but perhaps he will neither *rue it nor call* again.

Inez.—You can *cut* him *straight* then, but come to our *bower*.

Leo.—Well, I *ca' see no* objection to a *game.*

[*Exeunt up steps at back and off* R. *Lights darkened.*]

[*Enter* DI LUNA, L, *very stealthily.*]

Count (centre of stage).—
Ah, all is silence, the night is still—she sleeps ;
But no ! that light in yon tower her vigil keeps.
Dare I hope now to win Leonora's regard ?
If I whistle "Come Maud into the yard,"
She might perhaps look out of the window
Or the bull-dog my love might hinder.
To go or not to go ! Well, yes, I'll dare.
(*Sweet strains of hand organ heard outside in wing* R, *playing 'Home, sweet home,' or 'Gentle Spring.'*)

Count.— Jehoshephat! the Troubadour, I swear.
He always plays that organ on the street
To try and earn enough to make ends meet.
He comes this way. I will hide me here.
[*Wraps cloak about him and retires foot of steps,* L.]

[*Enter* MANRICO, *the Troubadour,* R, *playing hand organ, with a monkey. Ceases playing.*]

Man. (sings.)—

SONG—MANRICO.

AIR.—"*Deserta sulla terra.*"

Lonely on earth existing,
Grinding out old airs persisting.
O come out, Leonore, to kiss the Troubadour ;
O come out, Leonore, to kiss the Troubadour.

If I succeed in wooing,
I'll no more work be doing,
But o'er all men will soar, with the rich Leonore ;
High o'er all men will soar, the lucky Troubadour.

(*At the conclusion puts organ down on* R *side.*)

[*Enter* LEONORE, *down steps from* R, *runs eagerly into arms of the Count.*]

Leo.— Darling, how good of you to come and sing to me.
Yes, I gladly run to your arms and cling to thee.

Count.— Here's a pretty how-de-do ! It makes me holler.
The other chap is looking on, I bet a dollar.

Leo. (passionately) —
Oh, Manrico, I am so wretched when alone ;
Dearest Dove, will you ever leave your own ?

Man. (turning, excitedly.)—
Here's a state of things ! What do I behold ?
She's false to me, and oh, I'm badly sold.
(*To her*)—Is it for this I've trudged the street in comic guise,
Have stolen, begged, borrowed and told so many lies,
To buy ice-cream and earn a living with propriety,
To hire a livery rig and hold my place in society,
To act generally as if I had no senses
By climbing at midnight high rail fences,
And then when the watch-dog began the chase
Did I not always have a six-mile race ?

Leo. (weeping).—

Ah yes, you did—you did—you did ;
But I was not false when into his arms I slid.
It was a mistake—the night was dark.

Man.—

No more ! Go woo your Government clerk,
And you sir, just wait and I'll see you later.
Dare to raise my gauntlet, I'm a fist manipulator.

(*Throws boxing-gloves at his feet and strikes pugilistic attitude.*)

Count.—I, sir, am always ready.

Leo. (excitedly)—Oh heavens ! they are going to engage in mortal combat.

(*Very agitated, paces the stage.*)

Man. (tragically)—

Then man to man, and fist to fist,
We'll fight it out like a pugilist.

TRIO—LEONORA, MANRICO AND DI LUNA.

(*Leonora.*)	(*Manrico.*)	(*Di Luna.*)
Let thy vengeance	Thy dark fate	Ah, fires of jealous love,
On me then descending,	Is already decided.	The shame of scorned affection
Who have scorned thee,	Doom'd to perish,	In my heart are fiercely raging,
Still thee defy !	Thy hour is nigh !	In my heart are fiercely raging,
Strike thy dagger	Heart and life	Thy fond words his fate now sealing,
In this heart offending,	To my hand are confided.	Thy fond words his fate now sealing.
From thy love	Heaven condemns thee,	By this hand he's doom'd to die ;
That dared to fly,	And thou shalt die !	Yes, by this hand he's doom'd to die,
To love from thee	Thou'rt doomed to die,	He's doom'd to die.
Would not reply ;	Thou'rt doomed to die.	Ah, yes, thy fond words his fate now
No, no, could not,	Yes, by my hand,	By this hand [sealing.
Nor would reply.	Thou'rt doomed to die.	He's doom'd to die.
		Yes, by this hand,
		He's doom'd to die,
To thy love	Thy heart and life	Is doom'd to die ;
Made no	To me confided,	By my hand
Reply.	Thou shalt die.	He's doom'd to die.
		Ah, by my hand,
		He's doom'd to die,
To thy love	Thy heart and life	Is doom'd to die ;
Made no	To me are giv'n,	By my hand
Reply.	And thou shalt die.	He's doom'd to die.
No, would not, no,	Yes, shalt die, yes.	Yes, thy fond words
But dared to	Thy fate is	Have doom'd him,
. . . . .	In my hand,	He shall die,
. . . . . fly !	And thou shalt die !	Yes, he shall die !

Count—Our time is limited. The arrangements must be quick. I am supported by Mr. *Scoones*. Who's your referee ?

Man.—I am generally handled by *Mr. R. Burden, C. B. P.*

Now I suppose we fight by Marquis of Queensbury rules,
Though rough and tumble was the mode of the old schools.

Leo. (very excited)—Oh ! ring up central, call police, I am *sure* they are going to fight.

[*Enter* INEZ *from* R. *followed by a stout* POLICEMAN. *They stand on the top of steps.*]

Inez.—I have one here Adolphus calls to see me every night.

Count (backing off L.)—

Then at Fargo to-morrow each the other meets.

Man. (backing off R.)—

And both to get one half the gate receipts.

[*Exeunt* MAN. R., COUNT L.]

Leo. (wildly)—

Oh, what have I done, tell me, this is a dream,
That this—this—is not as it would seem.
Oh, love, come back, I will go mad—mad;
Me brain it reels—it reels.
(Swoons at foot of steps, a la Bernhardt.)

Inez.—

She has 'em bad!
Adolphus, dear, catch me, I am going.

(Faints gracefully back into the arms of the POLICEMAN, *who holds her on the top of the steps and fans her with his club.)*

[CURTAIN.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.---THE PLOT.

ORCHESTRAL OPENING—"ANVIL CHORUS."

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE 1.

SCENE.—*A Forrest,* MANRICO *asleep at the back; a band of Indians and squaws discovered engaged in a wild dance to the music, beating tom-toms. Orchestra continuing.*

CHORUS.—INDIANS.

AIR—"*Vedi le fosche notturne spoglie.*"

See how the shadows of night are flying,
Morn breaketh Heaven's glorious arch unveiling.
Like a young widow who, weary of sighing,
Lays by her garments of sorrow and wailing.
Rouse up to labor,
Take each his tom-tom.
(*Strike tom-toms in regular measure*)
Who makes the Indians a life with trouble laden,
Who makes the Indians a life with trouble laden, who?
Who the Indian's life adorns?
Who makes his life one with trouble laden?
The Indian Agent.

[*Enter* RUIZ L., HOOPER UP SAM R.]

Ruiz (*a Chief.*)—Our cause is in very bad shape. Hooper Up Sam!

Hooper Up Sam (*advancing.*)—Yes, sir!

Ruiz.—How have the collections been of late for our Indian League fund?

H. U. Sam.—We have *fund* them very poor. The Chicago people say the Irish Home Rule fund requires all their attention, besides they think we have too much rule now.

Ruiz.—Yes, we have been quite unruly, but our cause has dwindled since our old Chief "Too Late in the Day," shuffled off his mortal coil.

H. U. Sam.—You mean he died.

Ruiz.—Yes, he died. He died very suddenly, before an awe-struck audience of deputy sheriffs and newspaper reporters. 'Twas only for a petty theft, a few paltry thousand cattle, but the Crown Attorney described on a parchment epitaph in monumental terms his offence; but in our hearts we have raised a more tender tribute to his memory. But enough! Let us go somewhere—where farmers let their cattle roam.

H. U. Sam.—

Yes, most everything has gone to ruinin',
What with Bailey, Purvis and the Farmer's Union.

Ruiz.—

If things keep on we will get quite poor,
But say, shall we go and take in Clougher?
And put a red streak through the town.

H. U. Sam.—I say boys, is it not fun playing we are Indians? This is just like the stories we read off in the "New York Boys Weekly."

Ruiz.—Hush! or, to use a vulgar phrase, the police will "catch on.' (*Whistle outside.*) That signal—at this hour! What does it mean

[*Enter* AZUCENA, R.]

Azuc (*dramatically.*)—Ho, lads! 'Tis Azucena, your Indian Queen.

(*Strikes commanding attitude with upstretched hand and drawn dagger, a la Mary Anderson's Parthenia.* INDIANS *fall prostrate at her feet in a circle, and rap their heads audibly on the stage three times.*)

Azuc.—Say, you people. That is not the way the Indians do. You can get up. We are not rehearsing the Mikado now. We are playing Trovatore. (*Sings.*)

SONG.—AZUCENA.

AIR.—"*Stride la Vampa.*"

I am an actress, hired expressly to sing
In this performance, at a great big cost,
I can play all parts, sometimes in the circus ring,
Or in grand burlesque, "Mascot" and in "Faust,"
While again I play supe and a chorus man,
But this night I am here starring in Italian—Italian.

(*Spoken.*)—Just listen to me.

(*Sings.*)— Stride la vampa, giunge la vittima
Nero vestita discintae scalza;
Grido feroce di morte levasi,
L'e co il ripete di balza in balza.
Sinistra splende sui volti oribili
La tetra fiamma che s'alza che s'alza al ciel che s'alza al ciel.

Oh, yes; I am a versatile sort of an actress. I can almost, on a moment's notice, play any kind of a part. Last week I starred as Desdemona, for the amateurs at the barracks. The week before I was an end-man in a minstrel performance. Sometimes they relegate me to the scenes, and pile me up with the old properties in the lumber room. In my hours of ease I play a dude I took whole weeks to study *Gus Wade's* bow and to practice *Hugh John's* smile. I forget how often we "smiled" together before I succeeded. Now to-night I am an Indian Queen, and am supposed to have stolen a child, which I pass off as my own I often steal things. Ha! that reminds me. Ruiz!

Ruiz (*coming forward.*)—Yes, your majesty.

Azuc.—Bring forth the loot! (*Ruiz retires.*) Ha, I was not always so depraved as this I often look back with regret on the innocent hours of my infancy, when I hung as a papoose in a moss-bag on the back of a squaw. I never will forget the corduroy ridges of her shoulder blades. Yes, give me back the hours of my youth.

Ruiz (*advancing with a large bag.*)—Here you are.

Azuc.—Thank you, Ruiz, thank you.

Some day my conscience will make me a coward,
And then—this garment, I stole it from *Tom Howard*.
(*Draws out a linen duster, gives it to an Indian.*)
How wicked I am getting now to be,
'Tis the Count's fault, my hated enemy.
Last night I stole a horse, a shawl, and
This address from *Jos Mulholland*
(*Draws out a bill poster labelled "Address to the Conservative Party."*)
The night before, I went through *Disbrow's* effects,
'Twas the only time I never stole a thing, I expects.

And this, what is this—of all the steals,
(*Draws out sheet labelled "City Sinksng Fund."*)
Both large rnd small, this is the *Bigg* steal.
Coming away I found running loose,
Rennie's pet phrase—"Loaded for a moose."
And this is *Burrows'* essay on the thistle.
I also captured the school band's tin whistle.
And this contains *James Fisher's* bill of fare.
(*Draws out valise labelled "Election carpet-bagger."*)
Now go, my children, and run around the square.

[*Exeunt* INDIANS R. *and* L. *carrying off the loot.*]

Azuc.—Well, I must see how Manrico is after the fight. He has been a victim to the emphatic gesture of a pugilist. (*Retires to back of stage.*)

He appears to have been out upon a spree.
Been out all night? Get up and let us see.

(MANRICO *starting up.*)

Ah! I see you have been in a fight.

Man. (coming down).—
Yes, fighting with the Count;
With hard gloves we did each other pound,
We never heeded time at the end of each round.

Never did a *McKeown* or *Steve Cummings* slug so well, until at my feet, that all the while ran blood, great Di Luna fell. The doctor carried him away on a shutter.

Azuc.—
I pray you stop, you make one shudder.

Man.—We fought. We wondered as we fought; and we hoped as we wondered that the police did not interfere. But they didn't.

Azuc.—
No matter when you fight
Contrary to the statute, so fight
That when thy summons comes to find
Your place in the police station, where
Each offender shall take his cell
In the silent corridors of justice;
Thou go not paralysed like the simple drunk,
Clubbed by a "cop," but sure and confident;
Sustained by leading counsel, approach the court,
Pay your fine and costs and march again
To the freedom of a city.

Man.—Yes, and always give the reporter a fictitious name. (*sings.*)

SONG.—MANRICO.

AIR.—"*Mal Reggendo.*

Ill sustaining the furious encounter, at my mercy he fell, undefended;
Fiercely glancing my fist was uplifted, soon to strike him down, to strike him down intended,
When some secret power, some power the blow suspending,
Firmly held my will, witheld my arm descending.
Thro' each fibre, cold chills oppress'd me, a cry did me interrupt,
With cries of warning, the referee with a loud, commanding cry, he thus addressed me: "time is up!"

Azuc.—Then you defeated him ?

Man.—Oh, yes, he was given out on *three strikes.* He only hit once and the umpire called it a *foul.*

Azuc.—You mean he made a *base hit.* My boy, in spite of my teaching you will mix up your definitions horribly. A *foul* is always a *base* hit.

Man.—You might think so, but it isn't so now a days.

Azuc.—My child, you remind me very much of your dear pa.

Man.—Tell me, what became of pa I so long to hear of my early history.

Azuc.—

Enough, 'twere a tale that would make
Thy cheek to blush crimson like unto
The carnation pink of a tomato salad.

Your pa-pa was arrested for larceny. He pleaded not guilty, but the evidence, the witnesses and the judge's decision did not fail to disagree with him. He is serving a term; and it has cost me a residence in Chicago and a handsome thing in costs to win a divorce.

Man.—And I am ?

Azuc.—You are my son.

Who was it called you pootsy, wootsy, petsy, wetsy,
And took your part in fights with nurse Betsy ?

Man.— My mother !

Azuc.—

Who dressed you up and combed your little hair ?
Who danced you on her knee and gave you every care ?

Man.— My maw-maw !

Azuc.—

Who took you to the circus in your Sunday suit,
And taught your little infant brain to shoot ?

Man.— My ma-ma !

Dear mother, I am sure you are my ma.

Azuc—Yes, child, I am, and from the regal realms of my heart there stalks forth a maternal love, that so long has lain dormant, now to rise for a fond mother's protection

(*embrace.*)

[*Enter* RUIZ L. *with a letter.*]

Ruiz.—Most potent, grave and reverend seigneur, with mutual pride I salute you. Here is a letter from the post office,—but (*noticing loving attitude*) it seems I am de trop.

Man. (*takes letter*)—

Not at all. Pity my low birth. Let me introduce.
In future know her as my mother. Mother—Ruiz.

(*reads letter.*)

Ruiz.—I am glad to have the honor; any mother of Manrico's will always be a friend of mine.

[*Exit* L.]

Man.—Oh, horror! Cruel fate.

Azuc.—My child, what is the matter?

Man.—Leonora, hearing that I was killed in the fight, and wishing to escape the Count, has gone and joined a ballet chorus.

And there they dance and sing jangling airs all night,
Till the city council votes them a nuisance and a fright.

Azuc.—

Go and seek her, my child. Go!
Dear *Man wreak oh* thy vengence on him;
For the Count is our foe, and I hate him.
Like unto the Red River, whose muddy stream
Flows on as the crow flows, with ceaseless stretch,
To the Lake Winnipeg and the Hudson's Bay beyond,
Even so my hatred strides the stride of anger,
Ne'er pausing to the right nor to the left,
But filled with capable and wide revenge
To do him damage. Go; if you don't go
I'll close my tepee against you, Manrico.

Man. (*tragically*)—I'll do it. My spirit has been fired with a fierce resolve. I'll follow this Count to the end—of the construction line, that I may wreak a terrible revenge. Those who meet me now will not know me for the change that there will be. There was a time when I was mild and tender, until they drove her; her, that I love the fairest of her gender. Can I e'er forget the dainty curve of her elbow and knuckles?

Azuc.—Or the silvery echo of her musical chuckles and the golden twitter of her melodious chatter?

Man;—And they drove her from me. There is nothing now to live for, but Lenora and revenge. Now each cloud that sweeps across the azure space of heaven, each one of Macaulay's New Zealanders that stand on London bridge, each pattering drop of rain that falls to earth, speaks to me—they all speak to me in doggerel verse—of Leonora and r-r-revenge!

Azuc.—

That's right, my boy, wade in for blood and glory,
And whoop it up, like a first-class Trovatore.

[*Exeunt* R. *and* L.]

SCENE 2.

SCENE.—*The Gardens of the Palace.*

[*Enter* COUNT DI LUNA *followed by* FERRANDO, L.]

Count.—Ho! Where art thou, Ferrando?

Ferr. (*saluting.*)—Here, your Highness. I have just formed hollow square on the *veranda* with two recruits and a small bugler.

Count.—That *all is queer.*

Ferr.—All the rest of the boys are outside on the watch.

Count.—That's right; I expect the girls here soon. But how came she to love this wandering beggar of a troubadour?

Ferr.— Her father once question'd him,
To tell the story of his life, of the ventures,
The weary wanderings, and tramp-like existence
That he led. Then spoke the Troubadour lightly,
In tuneful rhythm, of his boyish day happenings,
And of the years since then. How he had stolen rides
From town to town, on the bumpers of freight trains,
And ground on a hurdy-gurdy the same old airs
In small towns as in large cities,—at the farmer's house,
The villager's cot, and the rich man's residence.
He sang of persecution and of hunger,
And of the slow gathering together
Of small coins to eke out an existence.
To hear all these things would Leonora
Seriously incline,—and she swore she wish'd
She never heard them ; but sigh'd and hop'd that
The man who lov'd her would woo her with such speech.
"She lov'd him for the dangers he had pass'd,
And he lov'd her, that she did pity them."

[*Exit.*]

Count.—Well we will see if Leonora can escape me, with her haughty spirit and flashing eye Ah ! what conquests the gleam of a sparkling eye can make. (*Sings.*)

Song—Di Luna.

Air.—"*Il Balen.*"

Ah, her smile with radiance gleaming pales the gaslight's brightest reflection,
While her cheek with beauty beaming, costs me far too much, enough to lose one's affection.
Ah, this love, this love in me burning, more than words shall plead on my part,
Her sweet glances on me turning, calm the tempest still in my heart.
Oh, this love within me burning, more than words shall win me favor.
Her bright glances on me turning calm the tempest in my heart.
Ah, this love within me burning, more than words shall win me favor.
Her bright glances on me turning calm the tempest——
Ah . . . . . still my heart, my heart be still.

Air.—"*Per me Ora Fatale.*"

Oh, fatal hour impending
Thy moments urge with speed elating.
The joy my heart's awaiting,
Is not of mortal birth, of mortal birth,
Of mortal birth, no, it cannot be.
In vain doth Heav'n contending
With rival claims oppose me,
If once these arms enclose thee
No power in Heav'n or earth,
No power shall tear thee from me.

How beautiful she is ! She surpasses those brilliant types of beauty we see displayed in gorgeous cigaret advertisements, that picture wonderful blue-eyed girls reclining on damask couches, to puff, lazily aloft from ruby lips, tender clouds of "Vanity Fair."

[*Exit* L.]

[*Enter* Leonora R., *with a travelling bag.*]

Leo.—They have told me that Manrico has been killed in the duel with the Count. There is nothing for me now but a sorrowful life in a quiet retreat. Perhaps Stony Mountain will do. He used to speak of that place. [*Enter* Inez R., *followed by* Ruiz *loaded up with band boxes, &c.*] Ha, Inez ! and Ruiz !—dear faithful old Ruiz. Have you got all our travelling apparel ?

Ruiz.—Ha, by jove, yes, except the Saratogas, and they are coming up the street on wheels. People used to wonder how they moved brick buildings in Chicago. They don't now since they saw a lady's Saratoga travelling.

Leo.—Dear old Ruiz, you have been a faithful servant to the family. I am so sorry our poverty will not permit us to retain you longer in the service.

Ruiz.—Dear Miss, do not send me away! I worked for your grandmother before you were ever born. I do not ask remuneration or reward, but let me serve you.

Leo.—Nay, Ruiz, nay—some day all will be well—but go and look after the trunks. [*Exit* RUIZ.] Now Inez we will wait here.

Inez.—And are you still determined to leave your home?

Leo.—Yes, I cannot bear the persecution of that wicked Count. Inez, we will go out into the cold bitter world to earn our living!

Inez.—But how?

Leo.—Listen, we will go on the stage—and act!

Inez.—And act!

Leo.—Yes, that has always been my ambition. It is the same old story we have often heard in various forms from Barratt, Booth, and other third-rate actors of a played out generation. Years ago, when a little child, I stood in the gray dawn of an early morning on the principal street of a small village in the back woods of Ontario, and watched the heavy wagons of a circus company roll into town. That afternoon, from the outside, I gazed beneath the canvas tent and drank in the sight of gay prancing hoofs of Arabian steeds pacing around the circus ring, and listened to the plaudits of thousands. Inspired by a wild ambition, I then raised my eyes aloft to where the flags floated on the tent poles and to where a gay giddy creature in tights balanced herself on a rope, and I vowed some day I would make the stage boards thrill to the beautiful accents of my voice, and the audiences, responsive to my magnetic acting, would rise——

Inez.— And go out! When do you start the new career?

Leo.—To-day. I have had an offer to join a ballet. But we will first see what it is like. They will be here soon to practice, and we will wait on the steps.

Inez.—Lo! they approach. (*Retire to steps.*)

[*Orchestral music. Enter* CORPS DE BALLET, R. *and* L. *March across the stage on tiptoe in single lines Enter* R. *and* L. *On steps at back the* PRIMA BALLERINA *and two* CORYPHEES. *They perform the fancy drill and ballet dance,* LEONORA *and* INEZ *looking on from steps at back. At the conclusion they all advance in single line,* LEONARA, INEZ *and leading* DANSEUSE *in centre,* CORYPHEES *at each end.* GUARDS *creep up from behind and seize the girls. The* COUNT *seizes* LEONORA.]

Guards (together.)—Ha! Ha!

Ballet (together scream.)—Oh!

[*Enter* MANRICO *and* INDIANS *suddenly, with war-whoop. They push* GUARDS *to the front.*]

Guards (together kneeling, with clasped hands.)—Mercy! Mercy!!

[TABLEAU.—*A Girl gracefully in the arms of each* INDIAN, *with a* GUARD *prostrate at their feet. The* INDIAN'S *foot on the* GUARD'S *chest, waving tomahawk.* LEONORA, MANRICO *and the* COUNT *in the centre.*]

[RED FIRE AND CURTAIN.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.—THE CAPTURE.

ORCHESTRAL OPENING—SOLDIERS' CHORUS.
AIR—"LA TROMBA GUERRIERA."

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE 1.

SCENE.—*A forest. The* GUARDS *discovered in double line, headed by burlesque stage band, with* FERRANDO.

Guards (sing and march, stage band and orchestra playing.)—

CHORUS—GUARDS.

AIR—"*La Tromba guerriera.*"

Now let the trumpet, in war tones resounding,
Call to arms; with courage bold we'll march undaunted,
Haply to-morrow our proud foes confounding.
In their tents shall our banners be planted.
Ne'er more brilliant were prospects victorious
Than the hopes which our hearts now elate.
Thence we'll gather renown bright and glorious;
Pleasure, honor, loot and profit there await.

Ferr.—

Well, men, we must make a better show,
When next we encounter such a foe;
Those redskins defeated us yesterday.
By Jove! we cut a pretty figure in the fray.
We are to blame. We neglected the red book,
The training of *Boswell* and Major *Larry Buch.*
You must take a nine day course at the School of Infantry;
Join their mess and study tactics from Subaltern *Healie;*
Become servants to the officers, and copy all their ways,
If you want to win the fight in these degenerate days.
Extend in skirmishing line, with plenty of reserve;
And charge the enemy with considerable nerve,
In manner thus——

(*Makes a feint towards* R, *with sword, when——Enter* AZUCENA *with a gingham umbrella,* R *Swings umbrella a la bayonet exercise, and receives* FERRANDO'S *feint.*)

Azuc.— Here, here, that's not fair.
Prepare to receive cavalry; form solid square!
(*Opens umbrella and drops on her knee, burlesque*) Now then, *haul* in the *lowly* photographer. Everyone who does this movement gets photographed.

Ferr.—Now, my good woman, you have no business here. Who are you any way?

Azuc. (*closing umbrella and rising. Aside.*)—I see I have fallen into the enemy's camp. (*Aloud; whimpering.*) Sir, I am a poor lone widow, who is seeking to better her sphere in life. I am looking for an empty block to start a restaurant, where the boarders never, never will suffer.

Guards (*together*).—What, never!!

Azuc. (*fiercely*).—Young men, if you throw jokes or spring a pun-a-for me, I have here (*pointing umbrella*) a *pin-a-for* you. It is that class of wit which only becomes a third-rate auctioneer. Besides, that joke has a perfume of antiquity about it. The roof is caving in on top of it. It has become moss-grown and mildewed with age. It is a greyheaded chestnut now, with a flowing beard, that can only amble around on crutches. It was in the full vigor of manhood when Adam delved and Eve span.

[*Enter* COUNT, L.]

Count.—Here! What does this woman within the camp?

Azuc. (*aside*).—He here! my foe.

Count (*takes her by the shoulder*).—You will have to move out of the lines.

Azuc. (*very dramatically, throwing the Count off.*)

Unhand me, sir!
Dost know that I'm a Queen that levies tribute
From forty tribes of aborigines, and that
It were high treason to lay your base hands
On our royal person. Creep, sir! Humbled and abashed,
Creep from my presence to the hired minions
That serve thee. Here—I draw the magic symbol
Of the Mohawks, facing the east and the west.
Dare but to set one foot within this precinct;
And on thy head--yea, though it wore five million crowns,—
I'll hurl the camp dogs of our tribe.

Ferr.—Sir, sir, I am sure she will set the dogs on.

Azuc.—

Know, proud man, that there is more power on the end
Of woman's tongue than lies in the crowned sceptres
Of a hundred dynasties. Go now, and tell
Thy base hirelings that Azucena has spoken.

Count (*rising.*)—But, my good woman, you rave. You are mad!

Azuc (*weakening.*)—Mad, mad? You call me mad (*breaking down.*) Oh, no fate so cruel as that Mad! and to be confined in that place which the Grits have pictured as a tumbling edifice—a crumbling receptacle for the nation's unfortunates. A tottering reason to be drowned on *J. B. McArthur's* swamped prairie. No! I am not mad. I am angry. For you sent my husband to do honest toil behind the walls of yonder tower in Stony Mountain region. But my son, the handsome Manrico, has sworn a vengeance deep. So beware! Beware!!

Count (*starting.*)—Her son? Ha, ha, ha, I have him now. Woman, to thy knees, and crawl for mercy. For your son shall know, through your fate, how terrible is my power. Ferrando,—guards here, quick. (*They come forward.*) Away with her, to the prison cell. Put her on ice and see that as *you chain her*, so you keep her.

[*Exeunt* GUARDS *with* AZUCENA L.]

Now I think that I shall get my dinner.
Ha, ha, my minstrel, we'll see who is the winner.

[*Exit* L.]

SCENE 2.

SCENE.—*The Gardens of the Palace again.*

(LEONORA *discovered sitting on the steps,* MANRICO *at her feet.*)

Man.—Ah, darling, I can hardly realize that to-day we are to marry.

Leo.—

Yes, my pet, this day we are to wed.
To love each other. No tears we'll shed.

Man.—Never did I think such happiness could be mine. Now, when you are married to ME, with my position in life, you will be able to enter the set of that band of gossippy ladies, who meet at afternoon teas, to revise their calling lists, to discuss their neighbors and to ignore those who, though not within the charmed circle, try to copy the manners of their set. But have all things been prepared?

Leo.—

Oh, yes; the trousseau came from the H. B. store.
They sent it C.O.D., which was a bore.
The cake and flowers are awfully nice,
I had them all put carefully on ice.
We sent cards to everyone we knew,
And those we did not know—got them too;
So we ought to get lots of pretty things.
I only hope they won't send napkin rings,
Butter coolers, flat irons or fish knives;
But something pretty for newly married wives.
Have you made all your arrangements?

Man.—

Yes, the cab, a quiet going livery hack,
Is ordered to take us to the church and back.
A seven dollar license I have bought for cash
From *Walter Nursey*—

Leo. (*rising*)—

—Won't we cut a dash?

But sweet Manrico, tell me again of that stately mansion, reared on high Stony Mountain's ridge, where you have passed so many years of early life I love to hear the indescribable charm of that home of yours and others, which you have sworn was so lonely without your Leonora. Speak to me in accents soft, that I may call to my mind's eye the pictures of Arabian palaces.

Man.—No, lady, no. I would that you had not asked me to paint in fiction's language the imagery of that place which you would have me show you. But listen

(*They walk up and down the stage,* MANRICO'S *arm around* LEONORA.)

A small mount,
Lifting its confines above the prairie land,
On whose top a Governmental mansion stands,
With high walls rising for eternal solitude,
Or may hap, solitude for a much less stated period;
Margin'd 'round and about by stony ramparts
That shut one out from the rude contact
Of the outer world. Where men in grim silence,

Dress'd in quaint but effective garb,
Pass by in serried ranks to a labor,
That was erstwhile termed menial. Who rise,
Obedient to the call of duty at one
Methodic hour, pass quiet lives, and dream
Only of a busier whirl of life beyond
Frugal is their fare, simple are their tastes,
And hearty is the welcome they receive
From a kind and genial host. This is the place,
Had Law its way, I might ere yet be still.
Dost thou like the picture?

Leo.—Oh, love, thy description falls in sweeter cadence on my ear than the closing paragraph of a *Free Press* editorial.

Man.—Well, the judge gave me seven years with mine.

DUET.

Leonora and Manrico (*sing.*)—

AIR.—"*L'onda de Suoni Mistici.*"

The mystic tide of harmony
Within our hearts doth flow, doth flow;
Come, love, the church unfolds the raptures
From pure love that grow;
Come, love the church unfolds the raptures from pure love that grow.
Ah, joys that from love shall grow,
Ah, joys that from love shall grow,
From pure love grow, from pure love grow, from pure love grow.

Leo.—But darling will you always be true to me? Have you ever flirted?

Man.—Never, darling, never! I can look squarely up into your lovely eyes and frankly say "I never flirt."

Leo.—For that, oh, Manrico let thy *chest* swell with pride.

Man.—Oh, darling, *jest* not on that subject.

Leo.—That's a *chestnut.*

(*Sits near* L *wing.*)

Man.—My own; call up before your memory a picture of surpassing loveliness. You are sitting in some bay window, behind the folds of a creamy curtain of lace and beneath the spreading leaves and blossoming foliage of an oleander; a beautiful face, bewitching, mischievous eyes, drooping lashes, with a sighing lover at your feet. Darling, how many times have you rehearsed that little scene?

Leo.—Ah! yes, how many times!

Man.—And what were those three little words of mystic meaning, he murmurs so eloquently, while the dear girl turns blushingly away? Can you guess them?

Leo.—Those three little words; oft repeated; always in fashion; ever suitable to the occasion. They are—

Man—They are that,

"I love you!"

(*kneeling at her feet, clasping her in his arms*)

But at last, my love, in the calmness of peace,
I can circle my arms around you, and while
Gazing up into your beautious eyes,
I can there read that you are only mine.

Look down and smile love. Kiss me, for secure
In each others love, we'll forget the sorrows
Of the past, and that ever a cloud crossed
The sunshine, to mar Love's sweet retreat,
Deep down in the valley of our hearts.

Leo.—

Yes, we will forget that there ever was such
A thing as care. We'll insure the ship of love,
With a fond kiss, and send it floating, secure
Down the stream of life.

Man—And we will regularly collect the premiums.

Leo.— Let us kiss, lingeringly soft
And sweet, as the warm breezes from the South,
That gently come and die away, among
The June roses of a summer garden. (*They kiss.*)

Man.—Darling, where is that mustache that once graced your upper lip?

Leo. (*rising.*)—Oh! I shaved that off for the Mikado, last winter.

Man.—That hirsute appendage used to become you Leonora.

Leo.—Yes, it was once Leonora's pride. It was *her sweet* hope.

[*Enter* RUIZ. R. *hurriedly.*]

Ruiz.—Sir, Sir—my Lord—how can I dare to break?

Man. (*turning angrily.*)—Speak, sir! What have I hired you for? Speak!

Ruiz.—A supe, sir! at two dollars a week.

Man.—Well, if you would gather your shaken faculties about you, which seem to be idly drifting in a vortex of incoherency, and make yourself intelligible—'Twould be welly wise!

Ruiz.—The news has just reached us that Azucena—

Man. (*starting.*)—My mother!

Ruiz.—The same, my Lord, the very similar—the quite identical. She has been captured by the Count and his base hirelings.

Man.—Heavens! what news is this?

Leo.—To cast a blight on whate'er would be the happiest hour of our lives. (*Weeps.*) Mothers-in-law are always doing something of the kind. (*Retires back of stage.*)

Ruiz.—The Count learning she was your mother, has ordered her execution to-morrow.

Man.—Go, sir, and tell the tribe that we shall make an effort to save our queen—our queen—my mother!

[*Exit* RUIZ, L.]

SONG—MANRICO.

AIR—"*Di quella Pira.*"

Of that dark scaffold her fate impending,
Thrill thro' each fibre, with maddening glow,
Desist, ye monsters vile, or still offending,
To stay your fury your blood shall flow.
I was her offspring ere love I gave thee;
In vain to hold me thy griefs would try.
Mother unhappy, I fly to save thee,
Or else failing, with thee to die:
Or failing that, with thee to die;
Or failing that, with thee will I die!

Man. (*turning to* LEONORA, *leaning on the railing and weeping*).—Ha, Leonora, why at this hour do you only *lean o'er* the railing. Darling, I will have to leave you.

Leo. (*in anguish.*)—No—no!—the danger! You will never come back.

Man. (*kissing her*)—Farewell! Adieu, my heart's own! I *will* come back. Whate'er the dangers I meet, I will conquer them all, for you—and for mother! [*Exit*, R.]

Leo. (*violin accompanying.*)—Gone!—gone!—and I may never see him again! No more will his mustache wave in perfumed cadence in the evening air, to fan the cold beads of perspiration on my fevered bangs. Gone—gone!—and I am alone—alone!—alone!!

(*Takes a half turn to the right and drops fainting, a la Fanny Davenport.*)

[CURTAIN.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.---THE RESCUE.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS OPENING PRELUDE.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE 1.

SCENE.—*Night. Wood exterior of the Dungeon. A tower in right angle, with a window securely barred.*

[*Enter* LEONORA *and* RUIZ, L, *in cloaks burlesque look all around cautiously.*]

Both (together.)—There is no one here!

Ruiz (pointing).—There, in that tower, both Azucena and the Troubadour are confined, by the Count's order. It was rash for Manrico to rush so quick into danger. Now they are to be executed in the morning.

Leonora.—Thanks, Ruiz, thanks, for guiding me here. But go—go. Do not, I pray you, think of my safety. Go, Ruiz, go! Get thee to a nunnery, Ruiz! Here's five cents for the street car.

Ruiz (tragically.)—No! (*Seizes her hand and advances burlesque.*) There! There is the tower! You secure the man, and I'll carry off the tower! But hark ye, Maid—No vi-olence! No vi-olence, I say! For once aboard our trusty street car all will be well. [*Exit* R.]

Leo.—Now, I will make one last effort to save him—failing which, with him I shall die. I have brought poison here—see it *poise on* my hand (*balancing bottle*). In that bottle there is contained such deadly liquor that a single drop will cause death, sure and sudden. With what rapture do I gaze now upon the awful possibility of destruction that lies stored up within the scant space of this tiny vial—and I got it on a medical student's certificate. I shall sing to him now; perhaps it may make death easier for him. When I used to sing to him in those happy days together, he said that it always made him look on death more as a release from the trials of life than as a calamity.

SONG—LEONORA.

AIR—"*D'amor sull'ali rosee.*"

On rosy wings of love depart, bearing my heart's sad wailing,
Visit the prisoner's lonely cell, console his spirit failing;
Let hope's soft whispers wreathing
Around him comfort breathing.
Recall to his fond remembrance sweet visions, sweet visions of our love
But let no accent reveal to him the sorrows, the sorrows, the griefs my heart doth prove.
Let no accent reveal to him the trials I now prove.
The sorrows, the sorrows I prove.

(*Sinks down in despair.*)

(MANRICO *appears at the window in the tower, looking down through the bars.*)

Man.—Is that you, Leonora? I wondered who it was that was singing there all hours of the night—keeping people from getting asleep. Have you been staying out at the Ladies' Mock Parliament? That is the *latest mock* excuse now for being out. Where is your latch-key?

Leo.—Alas! I have none.

Man.—Have you no button-hook, nor a hair-pin?

Leo.—Alas, dear Manrico, I had *but one* and some one *hooked* that. Now had it *e're been* my fate, I would not be *harpin'* on such a subject.

Man.—Oh, girl, you have nothing with which I can cut through these bars? Everything I have is worn out. With the aid of my diamond pin I cut my way through fifteen feet of solid stone, but it is worn out, and now there is only these bars between me and freedom. I would give whole hecatombs of fortunes for even the bent pin with which I played youthful pranks on the master at school.

Leo.—And you dug your way through fifteen feet of stone!

Man.—Do you *marble* at it? Why they do that every day in the French novels of Dumas—and I can *do ma'* than they.

Leo.—Alas, I have nothing to give you.

Man.—Then there is nothing now for me but to die! Yet I have sighed for it; for this is more than I can bear. Weep for me, Leonora—it is all you can do, weep.

Orchestra plays the "Miserere Chorus."

Song—Leonora.

Air—"*Quel suon, quelle preci.*"

That solemn petition so sadly ascending
With terror and mystery the air seems to fill.
'Gainst fatal foreboding my heart is contending;
My breath is suspended, my pulses are still.
My breath fails me, my pulses are still.

Duet—Manrico and Leonora.

Air—"*Ah che la morte,*

Manrico.—
Now with my life fulfilling
Love's fervent vows to thee!
Do not forget, let me remembered be;
Farewell, my love; farewell, Leonora!

(*Manrico.*)
Farewell!
Now with my life fulfilling
Love's fervent vows to thee,
Do not forget, let me remember'd be.
Farewell, Leonora, farewell!
Now with my life fulfilling
Love's fervent vows to thee!
Do not forget, let me remember'd be.
Farewell, Leonora, farewell;
Leo—nora, farewell!
(*Disappears.*)

(*Leonora.*)
And can I e'er forget thee,
And can I e'er forget thee,
Can I forget thee, can I forget thee,
My senses fail me.
And can I e'er forget thee,
And can I e'er forget thee,
Can I forget thee, can I forget thee,
My senses fail me.
What! I forgetful of thee;
What! I forgetful of thee!
Of thee, of thee; forgetful of thee!

[Manrico *disappears*, Leonora *retires* L. *Door opens in tower. Enter* Count.]

Count.—My schemes work well. In the morning both mother and son die. The mother to be hanged, and the son to be shot. That should be the fate of all *true bad doers.* But another night's confinement in that dungeon cell may drive them mad.

Leo. (*turning to the front.*)—Naught remains now but to beg! (*throwing herself at the* Count's *feet.*) Oh, mercy, sir; mercy! I ask from you mercy and compassion for him I love. In all the luxuriance of an exotic style and bad grammar, I ask you mercy.

Count.—Fair Leonora you ask of me what I find impossible to grant. What! Mercy for him—my rival! Why 'twere as useless as the tactics of the Grit opposition.

Duet—Leonora and Di Luna.

Air—"*Mira, di acerbe lagrime.*"

(*Leonora.*)

Witness the tears of agony
Here, at thy feet now raining;
If these suffice not, torture me,
My life's crimson current draining.
Torture me, torture me,
My life's crimson current draining;
Breathless thy feet may trample me,
But spare thou the Troubadour!

(*Count.*)

Ah, rather would I speedily add to his fate impending
Thousands of bitter cruelties, torments and death unending;
The more thy fond love to his replies, my anger inflames the more.
The more thou dost show him kindness, my anger inflames the more.

(*Leonora.*)

Breathless thy feet may trample me,
But spare me the Troubadour!
Destroy me, destroy me,
Overwhelm me with anguish and horror,
But spare him, spare him,
Ah, spare him, spare the Troubadour.
Release him, ah, save him!
Release him, ah, save him!
Ah, crush me a corpse
Beneath thy feet,
But spare thou the Troubadour!

(*Count.*)

The more thy fond love to his replies,
The more burns my thirst for vengeance,
The more thou dost show him kindness
My fury burns still the more,
My thirst for vengeance is inflamed
And burns the more.
The more thy fond love to his replies
My fury inflames the more.
The more thou dost love,
For vengeance meet,
My fury still burns the more!

Count (*affected.*)—Well, I don't know but what something can be done. What were his politics?

Leo.—He is a Tory.

Count.—Then there is no hope for him—there never is—and there never can be, as long as I am the Reform candidate for Winnipeg West.

Leo.—But he will vote any way that I say.

Count (*aside.*)—And we need every vote we can manufacture. (*To Leonora*) —Leonora, the Court has sentenced Manrico to death. I was the Court and the Judge. I am, however, of the opinion that the Court may allow an appeal to the Supreme Court; and on two conditions will I arrange it so that the Troubadour lives.

Leo.—Tell me—quick!

Count.—The first condition is that you must promise to give up the Troubadour and be mine.

Leo.—And the other condition?

Count.—And the second condition is that you are to arrange that Manrico and the monkey are to vote for me in the coming election.

Leo.—This is too much! (*scornfully.*) And if we refuse, sir?

Count.—Then Manrico dies to-morrow.

Leo.—Oh, heavens! (*Aside*) Ha! I forgot the poison. (*Aloud*) Yes, I accept the offer.

Count.—Thanks, lady fair. I shall go and see the Supreme Court at once. The Chief Justice is an uncle of mine, and the *Free Press* says he can be fixed. You can rest assured the Troubadour will live.

Leo.—I am thine, then.

[MUSIC.]

Count (recitative.)—Wilt swear it?

Leo. (recit.)—I will swear it, of this my purpose you now beholdeth. (*Takes the poison—aside*) A cold and lifeless bride thou wilt have me!

Count (recit.)—My foe shall live!

DUET.—LEONORA *and* DI LUNA.

AIR.—"*Vivra Contende il Giubilo.*"

Leo. (sings with transport.)—

Shall live! Oh, Heaven! this boundless joy,
Too great is for words' expression;
But from my throbbing, panting heart
Flow thanks in grateful confession.
Unmoved, my fate I now await;
Rapture this life completing,
With dying breath repeating,
Thou'rt sav'd from death thro' me!

(*Leonora.*)

Shall live! Oh, Heav'n
This boundless joy,
This rapture is past expression,
To die with this confession.
Saved, love, thou art thro' me,
Ah! preserv'd from death thro' me,
Ah! preserv'd from death thro' me,
Thou'rt sav'd by me,
Thou'rt sav'd by me.

(*Count.*)

Thou'rt mine, thou'rt mine!
Again declare,
My heart of doubts relieving,
Not yet believing,
Tho' promised still by thee,
Yes, tho' promis'd still by thee,
Yes, tho' promis'd still by thee,
Tho' sworn by me;
Thou'rt sav'd by me.

[*Exeunt* R.]

SCENE 2.

SCENE.—*The interior of the dungeon, barred windows, lamp hanging from ceiling.*

(AZUCENA *discovered lying on a mattrass with* MANRICO *by her side.*)

Manrico.—She sleeps. All the subtlety of her Indian nature lies wrapped up in the arms of Morpheus. Ah! what a blessed thing sleep must be for the Indian, when they can forget that it is their inalienable right to suffer the unpopular sicknesses of the day and exposure. But perhaps she is not asleep. This horrid night in the cell may have been too much. Mother, dearest, wake up. Let me again hear your voice that I may know you live. (*She sneezes.*) Bless you, mother, for that sound. I know now you still survive the cruelty of that wicked Count. But how have you been?

Azuc.—How have I been? I have been asleep; and my mind has roamed at large in a boundless field of mediocrity, where each thought was as poor as the reasonings of a *Globe* editorial writer on the last verge of morose impecuniosity. One is happier asleep, I think, when there is no prospect of a brilliant subsequent to give a brighter tinge to the recently previous. (*Sneezes.*) But child I am catching cold, or influenza.

Man.—I wish we could *influence* the Count to let us off. This is worse than the *Lawler* House. There are ever so many cobwebs here. Oh! that we could escape!—that we could escape!

Azuc.—And return to our prairies green where we could ramble around on shagganappis, and ride in two wheel carts.

Man.—Sing to me, mother, again of that prairie home of ours.

DUET.—AZUCENA *and* MANRICO.

AIR.—"*Ai Nostri Monte.*"

Azucena (*sings.*)—

Back to our prairies our steps retracing,
There, peace and quiet once more embracing;
Songs thou wilt sing me, with organ grinding.
Sweet dreams shall visit our sleep as of yore.

Man. (*sings.*)—

Repose, oh, mother, silently bending,
O'er thee my spirit heav'nward shall soar.

Azuc.—

Love'd songs thou'lt sing me, thy organ aid lending;
Sweet dreams shall visit our sleep as of yore.

Man.—

My soul with devotion heav'nward shall soar.

Azuc.—

Lov'd songs thou'lt sing me thy organ aid lending,

(*Azucena.*)

Sweet dreams shall visit
Our sleep as of yore;
Sweet dreams of yore,
Sweet dreams of yore,
Sweet dreams of yore,
Sweet dreams of yore,
Sweet dreams of yore,
Sweet dreams of yore.
(*Falls asleep.*)

(*Manrico.*)

My soul with devotion,
Heav'nward shall soar.
Repose thee,
Oh! mother,
Repose thee,
Oh! mother,
My weary soul,
Heav'nward shall soar.

[*Enter* LEONORA.]

Man. (*starting up.*)—Leonora here! How is this?

Leo. (*pointing to door.*)—Go, Manrico, your life is safe. Go, dearest, quick; they have need of your services at the poll. I will soothe the last hours of your mother.

Man.—But tell me, how came this pardon?

Leo.—Go! The Count has promised me that you shall live.

Man. (*stretching out his arms.*—Then come dearest, Leonora; come, mother, come. We will return together to our prairie home, where far removed from the scenes of past sorrows, we will pass innocent days together surrounded with the beauties of nature, and the love of each other. Our aim in life to bear no malice, but a kindly forgiveness to all.

Leo.—Nay, dearest, nay, I cannot go. Azucena and I will have to stay.

Man.—You cannot go? Then you have purchased my safety at the cost of your love You have bartered your affection for what you thought I valued.

Leo.—Do not speak to me in tones of anger veneered. Go—go—or no power on earth shall save you.

Man.—False one! you have been untrue to the vows we pledged each other.

Leo. (*dropping.*)—Ah, the poison! I faint! Manrico, here—here. Do not curse me, Manrico—do not curse me—it was for you that I die.

Man. (*beside her.*)—Dying!—Oh, this is too much—too much.

Leo. (*raising her head*)—Yes, dying. With my last fleeting breath, I bless you, Manrico. (*expires.*)

Man.—She dies!—she's dead!!

[*Enter* COUNT *followed by some* GUARDS.]

Count.—Dead!! Then she has deceived me that she might escape me. But I have him yet. (*To the* GUARDS) Away with him and let him be shot at once [*Exeunt.*] Ah! there is the mother. She has to be dealt with yet.

Azucena (*starting up.*) Where is he—where's Manrico? (*Shot outside.*)

Count.—He no longer lives That shot has ended the career of one who ever stood between me and her that I loved.

Azuc.—Wretch, know that he was not my son, but your long lost brother.

Count.—My brother dead! and by my own hand. Leonora dead!—a victim to my jealousy. Both dead—dead!

[*Re-enter* MANRICO, *followed by* FERRANDO *and* INEZ]

Man.—No, not dead. Ruiz and his faithful band were just in time to prevent the execution. It was their shots you heard.

Count.—Heaven be thanked for that! Manrico, you are my brother. Azucena has told me all; that she stole you in your infancy. My brother! close, close; let me fold you in these arms (*They embrace.*)

Leo (*lifting her head.*)—Oh, cruel poison, why don't I die? I wish I had blown out the gas—it would be quicker.

Inez (*advancing.*)—

The druggist made a mistake. They sometimes do;
And what he gave me has not poisoned you.

Leo.—Are you sure it was not poison?

Inez.—Quite sure, mam.

Leo. (*getting up*)—Then I will go on with the play.

Count.—But, Manrico, I have forgotten Leonora. Take her, my boy. You have fairly earned her. And bless you, my children.

Azuc. (*advancing.*)—Bless you, my children.

Count (*kneeling*, L.)—Azucena, let bygones be bygones, and accept the homage I lay at the feet of a queen indeed. (*Rises.*)

Fern (*kneeling before Inez*, R)—And that I lay at the feet of my queen. (*Rises*)

Leo.—And thus ends The Tragical Tale of the Tricky Troubadour or the Truant Tracked.

[*Grand transformation scene. Enter all. Olivette chorus.*]

[CURTAIN.]

THE END.

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